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FLOWERS
FROM THE
BATTLE FIELD

Class _____

Book _____

FLOWERS

FROM

THE BATTLE-FIELD,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By M. T. C.

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Prelude.

Oft have ye seen a gnarly tree,
  Twisted and writhing from the root,
With wintry breezes carelessly
Mid the gray branches wand'ring free;
And, turning, ye may e'en have said,
"The luckless tree is surely dead,
  And void of bloom and fruit."

Yet in the spring-time should ye pass
  Again before that knotted tree,
The daisies wild would star the grass,
And, overhead, a swaying mass
Of tinted bloom, and leaflets green,
Would woo the robin to its screen,
  And to its sweets, the bee.

So when we first saw war's grim form
  Casting dark shadows o'er the plain,
And heard the whistling bullets' storm
Stopping the life-blood young and warm,
And bringing grief to every hearth,—
We said, "the sorest ills of earth
  Come in the war-god's train."

Yet, bearing meeklier now our woes,
  We see the light begin to break;
We find that good from sorrow flows;
And that our nation, roused from sloth,
Can die like men; and, nothing loth,
We gather up the holy bloom
That springs from each brave hero's tomb,
Where flowers of faith and patience blend
With love of country, and commend
  To all, the wreath they make.

M. T. C.

THE UNION SOLDIER'S TROPHY.

Founded on an incident that occurred at the battle of Pittsburg Landing.

He stood upon the battle-field,
Beside his heavy gun,
And watched with steady eye how well
Its fatal work was done;
Around him were a gallant band,
Beneath—the noble dead;
In front—a fierce onpressing foe,
Their bay'nets tinged with red.

Yet still the soldier brave and true,
Aimed well the deadly hail,
And saw the breaks in the rebel band
With an eye that did not quail;
He knew they were Columbia's sons,
But sons whose passions' might,
Turned madly 'gainst the fostering flag,
Would quench its stars in night,
And he faced the foe with an earnest wish
To do his work aright.

Fiercer and hotter raged the fray,
And the soldier next him, fell:
He watched him die with a saddened heart
And a trust that naught could quell;
But a prayer arose, that if God so willed,
He might leave the field with life,
To see once more in her tranquil home
His young and loving wife.

As he downward glanced at the torn grass
'Neath his cannon's heavy wheel,
He saw a group of the innocence blue
Close to the burnished steel;
They smiled in his face, from amid the dead,
With the grace they had worn of old,
When he trod with his bride thro' the quiet wood,
Or plucked them for her on the wold.

A moment he bent, 'mid the battle smoke,
To snatch them away from their doom,
For the heavy wheel in its onward way
Would scatter their tender bloom;
And he hid the blossoms above his heart,
To send as his trophy to one
Who would prize them more from that well-fought field
Than anything under the sun.

They came with the news—"I am safe and well,
And our men have won the day,"
And the wife looks at them with loving thoughts
Of her soldier far away;
Yes, far away; but safe and well;
And, e'en on the battle-field,
Thinking of her and of "Innocence;"—
May God be his guide and his shield.

THE SOLDIER'S FIRESIDE, AFTER A BATTLE.

Suggested by a scene in a soldier's family, after the battle of Chancellorsville.

They sat by the dying embers,
As the daylight fled away,
A sister, a wife, and a mother,
With hearts too heavy to pray.

Around the walls and the ceiling
The shadows clustered and clung,
Till the room seemed a chamber of mourning
With funeral drap'ry hung.

They had heard the news of the battle,
But not the names of the dead,
And in thought they were seeking their loved one
On a battle-field trampled and red.

The mother, in widow's garments,
Sat upright with face of stone,
Striving bravely to bear both sorrows,
Her country's grief and her own.

Bent low was the wife's slight figure,
And her face, by her falling hair
And her clasped hands, was hidden,
In the depth of her despair.

Between these two, on the carpet,
The sister had knelt down,
With the large tears slowly stealing
From beneath the lashes brown.

But the baby of the household,
Who had missed her evening game,
Was fast asleep on the hearth-rug,
Unconscious of grief or shame;

The rosy lips were parted,
As the breath came softly through,
And the golden curls fell backward
From the temples veined with blue;

And she seemed a holy vision,
An angel with Hope's pure light,
Sent down to dispel the terror
That clouded their souls that night.

The very fire in the chimney
Seemed trying to cheer their gloom,
For a sudden blaze set dancing
All the shadows in the room.

The mother's brow grew softer,
The sister faintly smiled,
And the wife lost half her anguish,
As she gazed upon the child.

Each thought of the loving Father
Who makes the brave soldier His care,
And their doubt and despair were routed
By the holy power of prayer;

And the morning proved that the baby
Had brought them a vision true,
For they had good news from their loved one,
And hope for their country too.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

"I will sing unto the Lord, because He hath dealt bountifully with me." Ps. xviii. 6.

[*In commemoration of our deliverance from invasion by the victory of the Union arms at Gettysburg.*]

WHAT shall we render to the Lord for all His
power and love,
In turning back the tide of war, with mercy from
above?
He heareth prayer, He loveth praise, and we, the
rescued ones,
Would pour its incense to the God of fair Columbia's sons.

The foeman was wary, his chargers were swift,
They came as the lightning had lent them its
speed;
The war-cloud was dark'ning with scarcely a rift,
And the land was afaint in its peril and need:
There were those who were flying, pursued by a
fear,
There were those who were crying "Lo: haste,
they are near!"
And the city and hamlet, the great and the low,
Were alike in their terror, their dread of the foe.

Then they thought of the God whom they knew
long before,
When as children they knelt at their young
mothers' feet,
And they prayed in their danger that He would
restore
To the nation His smile, and the traitors defeat;

And He heard them, He heard them, He closed not His ear,
Nor disdained the prayer wrung from despair and from fear,
But He heard them in mercy, He answered in love,
And turned back the war-tide with power from above.

Now the soil is delivered from traitorous bands,
The flying ones fearlessly turn to their home;
And the workman, with innocent, toil-darkened hands,
Goes cheerily forth 'neath the clear heaven's dome;
The mothers are hushing the babes on their breast,
With no fear that the war-cry will shorten their rest;
And no longer the swift, screaming flight of the shell
Keeps the bird from its singing in forest and dell.

The harvest is gathered, not red with the slain,
The freighted stalks bent to the brown reapers' tread,
And the meadows, heaped high with the golden-hued grain,
Offer life to the living, not graves to the dead;
And the green blade, untrampled by war's fiery steed,
Is growing in beauty on upland and slope,
By the cool night-dews fed, not by hearts glad to bleed
That their country and freedom may be the world's hope.

There are sad faces thro' the land, and many darkened rooms,
And weary hearts are breaking at the thought of distant tombs;
But He who saved our threatened homes by those now fallen asleep,
Will bless and heal the sorrowful, and comfort all who weep.
There are long wards where ev'ry couch holds one whose feeble breath
Goes up each hour in one faint sigh—"Oh! grant us ease or death!"
And this while we, whom they have saved from danger and from flight,
Are happy in our homes all day and dream away the night.

But we will not forget their worth; our time, our wealth are theirs,
And grateful thousands daily plead their cause with tearful prayers.
We cannot thank Thee as we would for our deliverance, Lord,
But Thou canst see the wordless hymns within our spirits stored,
And Thou canst tune our wayward hearts so well to love and praise,
That all our daily life to Thee may holy anthems raise.
Oh! Father, bless our native land, and send it speedy peace,
That man no more may strive with man; that grief and pain may cease.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

From an incident related by Mr. Gough in his lecture on "Peculiar People." Supposed to be the narration of an old nurse in one of the hospitals.

He was brought in with the wounded, six bullets in his frame:
We knew we could not save him, but we tried to, all the same;
And when we'd washed and fed him, I sat down by his side
To tell him of the Saviour, and be with him when he died.

He lay there still and peaceful and listened to the Book;
It seemed an old friend to him by his happy, trusting look;
And then we prayed beside him, for we are not heathen here,
But try to help our brothers when the hour of death draws near.

His breath came short and painful, and his words were faint and low;
As he left his farewell messages I bent to hear them,—so:
"My love and thanks to Mother, I have tried to do my best,
I've read her dear old Bible, she will find it in my chest,
It has been a comfort to me, but the balls have found her boy,
And I shall go before her to realms of endless joy."

There was a pause, a falter; I asked him, "Nothing more?"
And, with a sigh, he quickly drew off a ring he wore;
"Send this to Mother, Madam, and tell her I was true
To the one who gave it; Mother then will know what's best to do;"
And then his color faded and a deadly paleness came,
And I knew his heart was longing for the one he could not name.

Just then along the passage between the rows of beds,
Came on a group of ladies with gay hats upon their heads,
With colors bright and flaunting all mingled in their dress,
And they talked and laughed out gayly, in the midst of such distress!

I frowned upon them grimly, and tried to stop their noise;
(If there's one thing makes me angry, 'tis unkindness to the boys;)
But their hearts were hard and selfish, and they would not heed my frown,
But came on near the pillow where I watched Death settling down.

They stopped there, and a tall one, the handsomest of all,
Spoke out in tones as flippant as tho' at dance or ball,—

Spoke to the man just dying, with freedom far amiss,
"My friend, pray tell me truly, is the country *worth all this?*"

Life came back for a moment, and he rose up in his bed,
Unmindful of his sufferings as with earnest voice he said
"Ay, Madam! the dear country *is* worth it, worth it *all!*
I pray our God to save it, tho' a million men should fall."

His latest word for Freedom, he tottered back and died:
The ladies turned away their heads; I do believe they cried;
I closed his eyelids sobbing; I have looked on many a death,
But never yet saw soldier give more nobly life and breath.

They laid him down to slumber in the crowded Army lot,
And in a leisure moment I set flowers upon the spot,
But whenever I go near it, I think—he is not there,
He's where the "faithful unto death" a crown of glory wear.

COL. DAHLGREN'S REQUIEM.

Shot by rebels in ambush, near Richmond, March 4th, 1864.

A REQUIEM for the one that could not falter,
When on before him dauntless valor trod,
But poured his noble life-blood on the altar
By freemen reared to Freedom and to God.

A requiem for a soldier brave and truthful,
Lion in fight, but gentle in his home;
The hope of many; mourning now the youthful,
Before them taken to the far blue dome!

Such mournful measure sings our present sorrow
O'er the young Dahlgren, swept from earth away
Ere his true heart had seen the brilliant morrow
We know will follow on the dark to-day.

Yet is our strain not one of hopeless grieving,
For in a holy cause 'tis good to die,
And that which is to us a sad bereaving,
Is but a martyr's transit to the sky.

And brave hearts are the glory of a nation,
They are the brightest jewels in her crown,
Their death for Truth, she views with exultation,
And o'er their graves throws laurels, fadeless, down.

In the dark swamp the hidden foe was lying;
The rebel bullet found the hero's heart,
And left him *dead:* but worse to him than dying
Was, that his work was only done in part.

But now since Dahlgren died for prisoned brothers,
Striving to fling their dungeon doors full wide,
Since that young life was freely giv'n for others,
Men! shall it be in vain that he has died?

Shall not his blood arouse a mighty nation
To crush the wrong that rends our noble land,
And, nerved as with new wine, by that oblation
Free fair Columbia from the traitor band?

And since beyond the James, in some lone valley,
Our hero sleeps, unhonored yet serene,
Let thousands round the flag he died for, rally
And by like courage "keep his memory green;"

Till from the Lakes to where the Gulf is laving
The Southern sands, with billows blue and bright,
The starry banner once again is waving
And Peace and Union rise on War's dark night.

WORKING FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Across the deep green meadows,
In the morning fresh and cool,
Flock the children to the woodland,
Ere the hour for village school.

The little bare feet hasten
Thro' the diamond-threaded grass,
Unconscious of the jewels
They are scattering as they pass;

And the rosy, dimpled faces
Meet the spider's lacy veil,
(With tiny dew-pearls broidered,)
As it floats across the dale.

Ere long they reach the thickets
Where the ripest berries are,
And with eager haste they pluck them
For the soldiers in the war;

Then home across the meadows,
Where the kine are feeding now,
To the farm-house 'neath the willows,
With the roses round its brow;

There the gentle mother meets them
With a loving, tearful smile,
For she thinks of the absent brother,
Her soldier-boy, the while.

Then thro' the long, bright morning
Her figure flits about,
And a lovely maiden follows
Like her shadow, in and out.

The woodland wealth is garnered
For the winter's hour of need,
To soothe the noble soldiers
In their country's cause that bleed;

And the garden yields its increase,
The orchard adds its store,
For the busy hands to treasure
Within the farm-house door.

Unceasing works the mother
As she thinks upon her son,

And the maiden *speaks* of "Brother,"
Thinks of—another one.

The loving hearts feel lighter,
As they rest at close of day
And view the many comforts
For the soldiers stowed away;

They will not whisper even,—
"These may be for our own!"
But silent prayers for safety
Have all day upward flown.

Ah! there are many households,
Where the mother for her son,
And the maiden for her lover,
Work on till day is done;

And there are many soldiers
In sickness and in grief
Who bless those woman-workers
Who send them kind relief.

THE WARRIOR AND THE MAIDEN.

A Romance of War time.

The warrior to battle goes,
His brave heart 'gainst his armor beating,
With hopes of vict'ry o'er his foes,
And Treason put to rout and fleeting.

The maiden in her drap'ried room,
Is dreaming o'er some ancient story,

But thro' it waves her hero's plume,
The foremost in the ranks of glory.

The bugle sounds the war alarm,
The myriad bands are onward moving;
And strongly strikes the warrior's arm
For *Truth* and all that's worth the loving.

And in her calm and peaceful home,
The gentle maid is lowly kneeling,
Praying for all who distant roam,
Her blue eyes dim with earnest feeling.

The *Right* has conquered! holy Peace
Descends to staunch the land's sore bleeding,
And as the cannon-thunders cease,
The soldier to his love is speeding.

The maiden's curls are wreathed with flowers,
And snowy robes are round her flowing;
While onward haste the rosy hours,
Her hand upon the brave bestowing.

Now let the bells ring merrily,
And sunshine pave the way they're treading,
Thy peaceful wings, Prosperity,
Ever o'er love and valor spreading.

ROSES IN JUNE.

June is here all wreathed with roses,
Garlands on her golden hair,
Lavishly the rosebuds dropping,
In her pathway thro' the air.

She has floated o'er the meadow,
Flinging it sweet buds and frail;
And the graceful, scented brier
She has hung with blossoms pale.

But within the quiet gardens,
Nestling far from toil and strife,
She has poured her choicest treasures,
All of sweetest incense rife.

Portals there are arched with roses;
Roses climb the lattice frame,
White ones, blushing at their beauty,
Crimson ones with hearts of flame.

And we call to mind the legend
Of the martyr maid of old,
Led by foes unto the fagots
Whence the threat'ning smoke uprolled;—

And the gentle maid, all meekly,
As they bound her to the stake,
For her bitter foes stood praying—
"Pardon, for the Saviour's sake;"

Praying ever through the shouting,
Praying as the flames crept on,
Like a band of hissing serpents
Closing 'round a timid fawn.

Until, lo! a sudden stillness,
As of awe, fell on the throng,
And the maiden's patient praying
Rose into a rapturous song;

For the burning brands were wreathing
Into roses glowing red,

And the brands unburnt were bearing
Rosebuds white; the flames were dead.

First of roses these, and fairest,
Born of holy love and prayer;
Is it wonder that their children
Than all other flowers are fair?

THE SEA FAIRIES' MUSIC.

From a German legend of a boy who, hidden on the beach, listened all night to the wonderful music of the water-fairies, and afterwards wandered through the world delighting all who heard him, with the melody.

Rose and gold were gleaming westward,
Blue and golden smiled the east,
And the sea between them rolling
Shone as garnished for a feast;
Forth the maiden moon came slowly,
With a timid train of stars,
Peeping thro' the cloud-bands glitt'ring,
Like a nun thro' lattice bars.

All the birds were hasting nestward,
Fain to fold the weary wing;
And the cheerful, busy cricket
Found, with evening, time to sing.
And, with slow advancing footsteps
Measured by the tinkling bell,
Peacefully the flock went homeward,
To the fold within the dell.

Blithely trod the little shepherd
Close beside his fleecy care,
With a watchful look and tender,
For each little lambkin there;
Nor till safely folded, did he
Leave his charge and turn away,
Hasting on o'er root and rock-work
Till the sea before him lay.

Then, the blue eyes bright with rapture,
Bare his brow to feel the breeze,
Stretched he arms of eager longing
To the glory of the seas;—
And with rosy lips just parted,
As to drink the wave-breath in,
Long he stood in silent wonder,
List'ning to the water's din.

Down at last upon the beach-grass,
All his weary length he lay,
Still with eyes enchanted watching,
Tho' the night had fallen, gray;
Faded were the flames of sunset,
Only dim the embers burned,
But the moon her throne had taken,
And the sea to silver turned.

Hark! he listens; lifts his forehead
From its pillow damp and green,—
Was it music? was it singing?
"From a boat at sea, I ween!"
And he looked across the waters,
As the strain came soft and clear,
But no boat, no sail of shallop,
Saw he far or saw he near.

Still the mellow music sounded,
  Mingled note of voice and lute;
Now beside him, now removing,
  Till his very breath grew mute,
Mute with fear lest it had vanished;—
  Yet again, with gayer strain,
Back it floated, nearer, nearer,
  O'er the rippling moonlit main.

Such a measure only pleasure,
  Knowing naught of pain, could play,
Sounds of dancing, still advancing,
  Mingled with the happy lay;
Softly ever, roughly never,
  Low and sweet its cadence fell,
And the singing, clearly ringing,
  Matched the merry music well.

Eagerly the shepherd listened,
  Crouching on his lowly bed,
With his breath so gently flowing,
  Scarce the grass stirred round his head;
Not a quaver fell unheeded,
  Wide with joy the blue eyes kept,
And, when ceased the mirth with morning,
  Tears of joy and grief he wept.

Back he went to dell and fold-yard,
  Led the flock that slowly strayed,
Watched them thro' the day, while ever
  In his heart that music played;
All his songs with it were mingled,
  And the sheep forgot to graze,
And the birds were silent, listening
  To the shepherd's wondrous lays.

And when older grown and taller,
Forth he wandered o'er the earth,
Singing, to his mellow cithern,
Echoes of the Fairies' mirth.
Every heart forgot its burden,
Every brow forgot its frown,
And they thronged to hear the singer
From the hamlet, court, and town.

Thus he wandered, all entrancing
With the song the Fairies taught,
Seeming, in its changing measures,
With the sound of billows fraught.
But old sailors, when they heard it,
Said, "it was the mermaid's song,"
Said, "she brooked not mortal chanting
What had been her own so long;"—
Hence one morning, those who sought him,
Found his lute upon the shore,
But the shepherd, whelmed in waters,
Sang the Fairy lay no more.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S REVENGE.

Suggested by an incident related in the life of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

The stately lady of Blenheim
Sat in her stately hall,
At that sweet hour of early eve
When memories thickest fall,
And round her played a merry group
Of children fair and small.

Her thoughts are with the busy past,
  Of courts and courtly wiles;
Sometimes a shade steals o'er her face,
  Sometimes it gleams with smiles;
And the present floateth far away,
  While silently the children play.

She is both fair and graceful still,
  And 'tis a goodly sight
To see her beauty unimpaired,
  And her hair untouched by white,
Tho' her children's children round her play,
  In the sunset's fading light.

The youngest pet is aweary now,
  And creeps to the lady's side,
With a pleading face, and her sunny hair
  Tossed back, from the blue eyes wide,
And she plucks at the satin gown, with a grace
  Of willfulness ne'er denied.

The Duchess starts from her busy thoughts,
  And turns to the rosy elf,
Whose beauty rare is the miniature
  Of her young and lovely self;
And she asks "What would my darling have?"
  And listens with loving mien,
As the child repeats her arch request
  For a "story about the Queen."

"Nay child not of her shall I speak to-night;
  I've been thinking of former days,
And remember a tale of those by-gone times,
  To tell by this evening blaze."

Then quietness fell on the little group
As they gathered around the fire,
For a tale from the lady's varied life
Was ever their hearts' desire.

"I was beautiful in my youthful days,
More lovely than Anne, or Di,
And my glossy curls, thick rings of gold,
Were dear to my husband's eye;

"Yet once I was angered by some stern word,
A check on some foolish whim,
(For nothing but folly could ever win
A word unkind from him;)

"I answered him madly; he sadly smiled,
And gravely he left me alone,
Yet my haughty spirit vowed he should
For his hasty word atone.

"'Twas in my closet; the loosened hair
Fell rippling down to my knee,
With the sunshine tangled amid its threads,
A sight full fair to see,
And in a moment, my wished revenge
Came flashing all over me.

"I seized the shining scissors; caught
The locks of lustrous gold,
Tress after tress, and curl on curl,
In my anger down I rolled,
Till the floor was thick with the gleaming rings,
Far more than my hands could hold.

"Then I gathered them up with a sullen pride,
And laid them, in solemn state,
In an ante-room where the Duke would pass,

And then I sat down to wait;
And I thought of his grief o'er my severed locks,
Till my heart was all elate.

"Yet never a word, or of praise or blame,
That noble Duke outspake,
But his look of sad and tender love
Made my haughty heart to ache.

"Many a year has past and gone
Since that wild and willful hour,
And the Duke, my lord, lies still and stark
Beneath King Death's stern power;

"But to-day in his cabinet with the gifts
He treasured most, I found
A massive coil of golden hair,
With a faded ribbon bound;"—
Here the speaker paused, and thro' evening's dusk
Came a muffled sob's low sound.

Through a low, arched doorway the lady passed,
To weep in the twilight gray,
O'er the storied marble that marked the spot
Where the noble hero lay;
And the children, finding the story done,
Went on with their merry play.

"APRIL SHOWERS BRING MAY FLOWERS."

Downward from the dreary sky
  Falls sad April's weeping,
Tears fast dropping from her eye,
To see her season passing by,
  While all the flowers are sleeping;
Scarce a blossom decks the wold,
And Earth but offers welcome cold.

Gentle April tried to smile,
  With her sunniest gleaming,
But no blossom sprang the while,
Her heart of sadness to beguile,
  With answering love outbeaming;
And gloom came sadly o'er her brow,
And tears are falling even now.

Tears will win where smiles are vain;
  These will melt, where *those* but harden;
And earth is moved by April's rain
To pity all her patient pain,
  And humbly seek her pardon.
She sends the rain-drops to the dell,
Where flow'rets dream in sunless cell.

The violet hears their tiny tread
  Come softly round it falling,
And waking, lifts its drowsy head
And listens, leaning on its bed,
  To hear the robin calling;
Then, certain that the Spring has come,
Hastens to leave its winter home.

Deep in the valley, wrapt in green,
The lily bells are sleeping;
Sunk in a slumber so serene,
That not a pearly bud is seen
From out its cover creeping;
But let them hear the rain-drop's knell,
And soon will chime each fairy bell.

And cowslip-stars beneath the grass,
And kingcups in the meadow,
And daisies where the rain-drops pass,
In mingled sun and shadow,
Are waking from their long night's sleep,
And hastening into bloom to leap.

And when the lovely queen of May
Walks forth 'mid May-day pleasures,
The flowers shall carpet all her way,
And buds bend on their dewy spray,
To give her of their treasures;
And she will bless the April showers
That brought to her the sweet May flowers.

A POET'S DEPARTURE.

Mrs. Browning died at Florence, June 29th, 1861; *her last words were, "It is beautiful!"*

Morning upon her rosy car
Returned from regions of the east,
Led by one silver-shining star;
Before her path Night fled apace,
Veiling in clouds his dusky face,
And shedding tears o'er bush and spray;

But Morning smiled with sunny ray,
And bending, kissed the tears away;
And as she rode in beauty calm
O'er olive groves, and isles of palm,
The birds broke forth in matin psalm,
And Night's dominion ceased.

As Night's tears ended, ours began:
One harp was wanting in the choir
Of heavenly song, and swiftly ran
The mandate to the singer's soul,
"Come up, and make our music whole!"
Well pleased she heard, and stretched the wings
Long tremulous for holy things;
And as the rosy morning came,
Gilding her windows with its flame,
She saw the glorious land above;
Leaving to clinging human love
Only the casket of the lyre.

But to those poet-souls so blent
In perfect love, and perfect song,
A goodly gift sweet Mercy sent;
For ere within the shining door
She entered, (going on before,)
There fell of peace a golden gleam,
Bridging Death's darkly-flowing stream,
With radiance clear and strong.

As one who climbs a mountain peak,
With feeble feet, but hopeful heart,
Reaches the top with glowing cheek,
And stands a moment resting, where,
With breezes fanning brow and hair,
He sees the city-planted plain,
The sunshine crowning spire and fane,

The silver stream, the dusky wood,—
Here, stir of life; *there*, solitude:
Yet but a moment gazing, turns
Back to the path of rock and ferns,
And to a comrade toiling there
Cries, "Haste thee! it is passing fair!"—
So did her soul depart.

She stood at Heaven's pearly gate,
For her pure spirit opened wide;
A moment saw, with eyes dilate,
The fadeless flowers, the living flood,
The light that veils the Light of God;
(No tyrant saw she, heard no cries
Rising from crushed hearts' sacrifice;)
But she heard the golden harpstrings filling
Each pause of praise with music thrilling;—
Yet, drawn by love and pity, turned
To him o'er whom her spirit yearned,
And, "Love! 'tis beautiful!" she cried;
Then, entering, joined the glorified.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

We stood upon a granite wall
Far looking o'er a peaceful bay;
Naught hearing save the sea-bird's call,
Or laugh of waves whose playful fall
Dashed all the reef with spray.

The western sky was tinged with gold,
Faint gleamings of the sunset blaze;
The purple clouds hung, fold o'er fold,
While upward from the distant wold
Stole dreamy wreaths of haze.

The water caught the mingled hue
Of sky, and cloud, and hazy wreath,
And blent them with its pearly blue,
While o'er it white-winged sail-boats flew,
With shadow boats beneath.

As long we gazed with earnest sight,
The moon stole forth on pinions fleet,
To rule her empire of the night;
And straight a silvery cone of light
Fell quiv'ring at our feet.

Seaward, a deep-red beacon glowed
And cast its glare across the wave,
To warn the sailor, as he rode,
Of tempting syrens' wild abode
Within the ocean cave.

Who wandered from its glowing track,
Unmindful of the dangers near,
Made of his life and hope a wrack,
And ne'er returned from waters black,
To home and loved ones dear.

But he who chose the guiding ray
That shone upon the rippling stream,
Sailed safely thro' the breaking spray,
To a fair isle across the bay,
Fit for a lover's dream.

Dear friend, who with me stood that night,
And drank the beauty of that hour,
This, my poor record, judge aright;
And let us choose the beacon-light
That shines with heavenly power.

HEARTSEASE IN WINTER.

Walking within my garden ground,
When earth in winter's grasp was bound,
Unsought, a flow'ret there I found.

Tall trees were whispering overhead,
Sighing thro' all their branches dead
Vain wishes for their foliage fled.

Withered were all the lily-stems,
Gone were the rose-tree's diadems,
Dead leaves and thorns their only gems;

Yet nestling closely at their feet,
A flower looked up with smilings sweet,
The transient wintry sun to greet.

It was a Heartsease, cheerful flower,
Which bloomed within that faded bower,
And decked it with a spring-like power.

With eager haste I bent to seek
Its golden eye and velvet cheek,
And mark its beauty, calm and meek;

I would have borne it to my room,
To light it with its summer bloom,
Unmindful of its speedy doom;—

To drink the sunshine for a day,
To revel in its golden ray,
And when night came to fade away;—

But while the fleeting sunbeams burned,
It seemed so happy, that I turned
And left the life so hardly earned.

Thinking, as slowly on I went,
How happy were a life well spent,
With Heaven's smile alone content;

Pondering the truth, *that* smile has power
To make the cheerful *Heartsease* flower,
Even in this world's wintriest hour.

WALKING BY FAITH.

I WALKED beside a child to-day,
And held in mine his little hand,
Watching the sunset's golden ray
Across the autumn foliage play,
Until, beneath its magic spell,
Our way along the wooded dell
Was all like Fairy-land.

For in that land have poets dreamed
The leaves are made of shining gems:—
And here, the oak with rubies gleamed,
Like topaz, willow-pennons streamed,
Whilst em'ralds flashed their living green
In sheltered nooks the rocks between;
For autumn with its kindness stern
Had crowned the trees in brake and burn
With glittering diadems.

L. of C.

Softly the river's silver thread
Wound on, the stately trees among;
A mirror was its limpid bed
For the rare beauty overhead;
Where all the glowing, glancing hues,
Each into each, could melt and fuse,
Making a rich, mosaic pave,
For woodland temple's aisle and nave,
With scarlet vine-wreath hung.

What wonder that the child's blue eyes
Gazed long upon a sight so fair?
Gazed with a new and pleased surprise,
For he was not too old and wise,
Careless to pass the glories by
Blazing beneath that sunset sky;
What wonder that I held him fast,
As o'er the rugged stones we passed,
With watchful loving care?

And as we roamed o'er rock and brake,
He looking up, I leading him,
I thought, tho' not a word I spake,
'Twere well if all could pattern take
From such a guileless trusting child,
And thro' life's path, oft rough and wild,
Be guided by a Heavenly Friend
Still looking onward to the end,
With faith not dead nor dim.

But oft we strive to walk alone,
And Heaven win, as *we* deem best;
Till, stumbling o'er some hidden stone,
We find our plans and hopes o'erthrown,
And with our spirits bowed and crushed,
Our faces low in sorrow's dust,
We lose our dream of rest.

Tis then we feel our Father's hand
  Extended to us thro' the gloom;
His mercy makes us upright stand,
And guides us thro' the thorny land,
Showing us visions all the way
Of Heaven's bright and fadeless ray,
  And rest beyond the tomb.

THE CLOUDY CHARIOT.

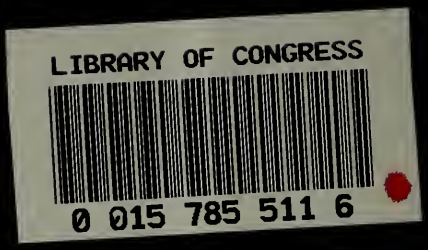
He maketh the clouds His Chariot. Ps. civ. 3.

Forth as a conqueror rides the Lord
  Upon His chariot of cloud;
The winds obey His guiding word
  And bear Him on with anthems loud;
Dark is His car, and from within
  His wrath outleaps with flaming dart,
And thunders roll their angry din,
  As they would rend a world apart.
So shall He, in the day of doom,
  Appear for judgment robed in gloom.

Gently the winds of summer float
  O'er earth and sea, in sunshine drest,
And upward bear the bird's glad note
  And breath of flowers, within their breast;
Fit incense for the One who rides
  On pearly cloud-banks mid the blue,
While smoothly on His chariot glides,
  Until it leaves our longing view;
So shall He come arrayed in light
  To bless His loving children's sight.

When day is done and weary care
  Has dropped asleep on evening's breast,
A glory fills the tranquil air,
  From glitt'ring cloud-cars in the west;
Stayed are the swiftly-rolling wheels,
  The mighty steeds unmoving, stand,
A solemn, peaceful calm reveals
  God's presence in the land.
So came He once, at eve, to man,
  Before the reign of sin began;
So shall He come, our King and Friend,
  When sin and death shall have an end.

FEB 26 1902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